

Sir Roger de Coverly :

O R,

The Merry CHRISTMAS.

A Dramatic Entertainment of Two ACTS.

By Mr. DORMAN.

— *semper liberalissimus, munificentissimus-
que fuit.* Cic.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JAMES ROBERTS in *Warwick Lane*.
MDCCXL.

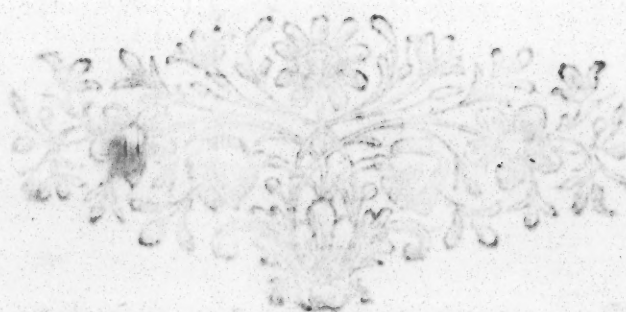
Sir Roger de Coverley

The History of

A Dramatic Pastoral

Two Acts

T. M. DORR



LONDON

Printed for James Roberts in Strand Lane.
MDCCLXXI

THE P R E F A C E.

THAT this worthy old Gentleman, Sir Roger De Coverly, might undergo no Manner of Hardships, I have conducted him, quietly, into the Mansions of his Friends, where he will be treated with all the Gentleness, Candour, and Good-Nature he can possibly wish for. He will have the Ear and Affections of some of the honestest Men in the Nation: And many a pretty Lady will be closeted with the Knight. And so they may, without the least Reflection on their Conduct, for he's full as harmless as a Child in the Month, and wou'd not, for the World, attempt to make them laugh, at the Expence of either Morality or Good-Breeding. Whether or no such a Character will please the Generality of People, I am, indeed, at a Loss to guess. But sure I am, that how much soever it might delight, no Character, that tends to lead from the Ways of Wisdom, Decency, and Virtue, should ever be exhibited, but to be reform'd, or punished.

D R A-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Sir Roger De Coverly.

The Spectator.

Will. Wimble.

Chaplain.

Butler, &c.

W O M E N.

Miss Wimble.

Suky a Farmer's Daughter.

Housekeeper.

Neighbours, &c.

Scene Coverly-Hall in Worcestershire.



Sir Roger de Coverley :

O R,

The Merry CHRISTMAS, &c.

A C T I.

SCENE, *A large Country-Hall stuck with
Holly and Bays.*

Enter Sir Roger, talking to the House-keeper.

Sir Roger.

BE sure, *Prudence*, you take care to
let us have Plenty to-day.—Beef,
Pudding, Plumb-Porridge, and
Mince-Pies in Abundance.—My honest
Neighbours love them ; and to-day's the
Day they make me happy.

Prudence.

The Day your Honour makes them so,
rather, Sir.

Sir Roger.

That's what I mean, *Prudence.* The
making them happy makes me so too. I'm
always delighted at the Felicity of others;
but more especially, if I my self have
been the Cause on't.

Prudence.

Best of Men ! [*Aside.*] I'll take Care,
Sir Roger, to order every thing to your
Liking.

Sir Roger.

Be sure you let there be enough, and
of the best, that no one may go away
hungry or displeas'd, tho' the whole Parish
should make me a Visit.

Prudence.

I will, Sir.

[*Going.*

Sir Roger.

Stay, *Prue*, stay—I ha'n't discharg'd
my Debt to you yet.

Prudence.

Debt, Sir ! I'm sure your Honour owes
me nothing.

Sir

Sir Roger.

Yes, but I do, *Pru.*—You have been more than ordinarily careful this Year, and I'll be more than ordinarily liberal. I always gave you one Guinea, you know, for your *Christmas* Box ; but, now, there's a couple. *[Gives her Money.*

Prudence.

Thank your Honour. *[Curtesies often.*

Sir Roger.

Enough, enough. Send the Butler to me.

Prudence.

I will, Sir. *[Exit Prudence.*

Sir Roger (to himself.)

There's one chearful Heart made—
How easily it's done ! and how joyful it is to do it !

[Miss Wimble and Suky run cross the Hall.]

Hark'e, hark'e, Miss *Wimble*, *Suky*,
whither so fast, I pray you ?

Miss Wimble.

Sir Roger, good Morrow—I didn't see you, Sir.—Why *Suky* and I are going to look out for my Brother *Will*——If he

B

should

shou'd disappoint us, Sir *Roger*, I'll never forgive him.—I've got the Part I'm to act in the Entertainment at Night ; and they tell me I shine in't.—If we don't shew ourselves, Sir *Roger*, you know, what signifies shining?

Sir *Roger*.

He's to play in't himself—He'll come, my Dear, to be sure.

Miss *Wimble*.

If he don't, Sir *Roger*, I'll put on Breeches, and do his Part too.

Suky.

So would I, rather than not have the Play ; for I like the Play, Sir *Roger*, prodigiously.—'Tis a pretty Play! a singing Play! a dancing Play! a comical little Play as ever I saw! ——— Law, I shou'd like, of all things, to be a Player! They're so fine, and so merry, and so——Sure a *London* Player's a charming thing!—— Well, Miss, sha'n't we see if we can see Mr. *Wimble*? It's a pure frosty Morning! The Run will do us Good.

Miss

[II]

Miss Wimble.

Ay, come——Sir Roger, your Servant.

[*Exeunt Miss and Suky.*]

Sir Roger.

B'ye, Madcaps!—In their young Blood!
——I was as wild my self once.

Enter Butler.

So, Ned——Well, you'll get some of the
best Ale tap'd——And give our Friends to
understand, that *Worcestershire* is behind
no Shire in *England* in its *March* and
October.

Ned.

They know that already, an't please your
Honour. Ah, Sir, wou'd to Heaven there
were more Sir *Roger de Coverleys* in the
Nation! Complaints, then, wou'dn't be
so common, in the Neighbourhoods of
Great Houses, that they never see their
Landlord's Face——That they never warm
their Fingers by his Fire——Nor can get a
Sup of his Beer, tho' they were perishing
with Thirst.——*England*, Sir, isn't like
what it was——Its Hospitality decays——Its
Quality-Folks are all Show——Their

Cupboards are lockt up, and their Strong Beer Barrels are all Drums.

Sir Roger.

Go, go, tap the Ale. And——

Ned.

'Tis tap'd already, Sir. And I believe there isn't better in *England, Scotland, Ireland*, or the Town of *Berwick upon Tweed*. 'Tis smooth as Oil, as brown as a Chestnut, and makes one as merry——

Sir Roger.

As what, *Ned*? Out with the Simile, I pray thee. As merry as what?

Ned.

As your Honour's Chaplain does, when he condescends to tell us an old Story.

Sir Roger.

Good! Ay, he's as worthy a Creature as breathes, and no body tells a Story better---Send him to me. Dost hear, *Ned*?

Ned.

I will, Sir.

[*Going.*

Sir Roger.

Stay, honest *Ned*, take your *Christmas Box* with you. [*Gives him Money.*] And be sure

sure you remember, in the midst of your Jollity, to keep within Bounds. Be merry and wise. The Man that gets drunk incurs my Displeasure.

Ned.

And sooner than do that, my ever-honour'd Master, I'd lose both Hands.

Sir Roger.

I believe thou wou'dst. Go, desire Mr. *Worthy* to step hither.

Ned.

I will, Sir.

(Exit Ned.)

Sir Roger.

A Rogue, how arch and fatirical he was upon the Depravity of the Times!— Thou hast made 'em all Wits [*Looking at a Picture.*] My Men are all Wits, and my Maids too.—Dear *Spec!* [*Looking stedfastly at it.*] There's Instruction in thy very Look.—*Kneller*, I love thee.— Thou hast made me a small Amends for the Absence of a Friend, by giving me something as like him as human Art can copy the divine.

Enter

Enter Mr. Worthy the Chaplain.

My dear Divine, good morrow to thee.

Mr. Worthy.

Sir Roger, good Morrow. I hope you slept well ; and that your ill Luck gave you no Uneasiness in your Dream.

Sir Roger.

Ill Luck, Man ! Why, thou only won't the odd Game.—But I'll be reveng'd on you instantly.—Come, you shall give me my Revenge this Moment.

Mr. Worthy.

With all my Heart, Sir Roger.

Sir Roger.

You've distributed my Mite to my poor Neighbours, Sir ?

Mr. Worthy.

I have, Sir Roger.—A Guinea a-piece to ten Families ; and they return you ten thousand Thanks.

Sir Roger.

They are welcomer to it than my strong Box was ; and I had rather see it sparkle in their Faces, than on my own Fingers. Money, Mr. Worthy, in my Opinion,
never

never appears to so much Advantage, as when it enlivens the Countenance of the Indigent.

Mr. *Worthy*.

All good Men think with you, Sir *Roger*.

Sir *Roger*.

O, the Tables are here already. Come, have at you. [*They set the Tables.*] Mind your Hits, Mr. *Worthy*, and save your Bacon, if you can.

Mr. *Worthy*.

I'll do my best, Sir *Roger*, I promise you. [*They throw for the Dice.*] The Throw's yours, Sir.

Sir *Roger* (*throws.*)

Sixes! Come, no bad Beginning.

Mr. *Worthy* (*throws.*)

Duce-Ace! This will never do.

Sir *Roger* (*throws.*)

Fours too! Holiday-throwing, indeed! Mr. *Worthy*, I fancy I'm in Luck to day.

[*Enter Nedin a great Hurry.*]

Ned.

Sir, Sir, here's the Gentleman that spent a Month with your Honour some time ago gone!

gone ! The Reading-Writing good Gentle-
man, that knew every Thing, and said no-
thing !

Sir Roger.

My Dear *Spectator* ! — Where ? Sir-
rah, where ? Let me bring him in in my
Arms. [*Enter Mr. Spectator.*] My wor-
thiest Friend, a thousand Welcomes. [*They
embrace most affectionately.*] Run, Ned, go,
make a Toast in an Instant, and bring the
Sack. — [*Exit Ned.*]

[*Mr. Spectator and Mr. Worthy compliment.*]

Sir Roger.

This is so vastly kind !

Mr. *Spectator*.

Of you to entertain me, Sir Roger. —
The Kindness is all on your Side.

Sir Roger.

Kind to entertain you ? A Prince might
be proud to do it. — He's an Ornament
to the Nation, and they'll bring him no-
thing to drink. — Why, Ned — (*calls*)
(*enter Ned with a Toast and a Bottle and
Glasses*) come, fill, Ned, fill. — Give it
my Friend, he's cold and fatigu'd.

Mr.

Mr. *Spectator*.

Give me Leave to pledge—

Sir *Roger*.

Drink, Dear Sir. I'll pledge you.

Mr. *Spectator*.

My humble Service to you, Sir *Roger*—
Mr. *Worthy*, your good Health. And a
merry *Christmas* and a happy New Year to
us all. *(they bow and thank.)*

Sir *Roger* *(to himself.)*

How well he looks! How courteously he
speaks! Some People say he's proud and
morose—but they ought to be hang'd.—
They're Enemies to Learning, to Politeness,
and Humanity that harbour a flighting
Thought of him.

Mr. *Spectator*.

The best Sack, Sir *Roger*, I ever tasted.

Sir *Roger*.

I'll settle an Annuity for Life then upon
the Man that sold it me. *(Mr. Spectator
bows.)* Come, *Ned*, give me a Bumper.—
Sir, my hearty Service to you. A merry
Christmas and a happy New Year—and
you're welcome to *Coverly-Hall* with all my
Soul.

C

Mr.

Mr. *Spectator*.

Sir *Roger*, I thank you—

Sir *Roger*. *(drinks)*

I won't be thank'd.—Thank me no more; I beseech you.—He confers an Honour upon me here, that a Garter'd Knight wou'd give his Ribbon for; or the finest Lady in *London* her finest Commode, and thanks me for receiving it!—No—I thank you, Sir.—With most abundant Gratitude I thank you.—Your Company to me is inestimable. (*Mr. Spectator bows.*) Why I reverence you, Sir—

Mr. *Spectator*.

You're vastly obliging, Sir *Roger*; but somewhat too complimentary for an old Acquaintance, methinks.

Sir *Roger*.

I an't, I an't—But if you think I am, I beg your Pardon.—Play-fellow, come, won't you drink my Friend's Health? (*to the Chaplain.*)

Mr. *Worthy*.

With all my Heart, Sir *Roger*. (*Ned fills.*) Many and happy Days to you, Sir.—And the like to you, Sir *Roger*. Sir

Sir Roger.

[pulling Mr. Spectator by the Sleeve.]

As worthy a Body that same Divine of mine, as ever cuff'd a Cushion. He's every Thing I like—Very knowing—Very modest—Has an excellent Voice and—loves Backgammon.

Mr. Spectator.

I know him to be as deserving a Man as lives, Sir Roger, and am rejoic'd he has met with so indulgent a Patron.

Mr. Worthy. [Having drank.]

The Sack is very fine indeed.

Sir Roger.

I reckon Ned don't love Sack—dost Ned? [Ned bows and looks foolish.] Suppose thou shoud'st drink thy old Benefactor's Health, wou'd it hurt thee, think'st thou, Ned?

Ned.

I'll try, and if your Honour pleases.

Sir Roger.

Do, Ned.

Ned.

[Fills.]

Sir, here's my humble Love, and Duty,
and

and Obedience, and Service to your Honour.—And you're as welcome to *Co-verly-Hall*, Sir, as ever Sun-shine was to Hay-maker ; or my Master's Prefence at a Quarter Sessions. [Drinks.]

Mr. *Spectator*.

I thank thee, honest *Ned*, I thank thee.

Sir *Roger*.

Hark'e, *Ned*, fend the House-keeper to me.—And, d'ye hear. [Whispers.]

Ned.

I will, Sir. [Exit *Ned*. bowing.]

Sir *Roger*.

Well, Sir, and how,——and which Way? And, Lord. I have a thousand Questions to ask you ; and don't know which to give the Preference to.—Did you come in your own Coach, or the Stage, Sir?

Mr. *Spectator*.

The Stage, Sir *Roger*.——I was set down about a Quarter of a Mile off, and hurry'd the rest of the Way, with all the Eagerness I cou'd, to shake my generous old Acquaintance by the Hand. [They shake Hands.]

Sir

Sir Roger.

Kind Heart!—Well, what will you have to stay your Stomach till Dinner? Speak, do——be free, I beg of you. My House, and all that's in it, are as much yours as my own.

Mr. Spectator.

Nothing more, Sir Roger, for the World.

—— [Enter Housekeeper.]

Sir Roger.

D'ye see who's there, Madam? Your best Curtsey——go, you Baggage!

Prudence. [Goes to Mr. Spectator.]

Your Honour's welcome, to *Worcestershire*. [Curtseys.] And I hope your Honour's in good Health.

Mr. Spectator.

Very well, I thank you, Mrs. Prudence. And the better to see you so. [She curtsies much.]

Sir Roger. [To the Chaplain.]

Superlatively civil! He's the best bred Man in the World.——Hark'e, Prudence. [She goes to Sir Roger.] Let the best Sheets

Sheets be air'd; and the best Bed made.
 ——And d'ye mind me? Put the Piece of
 Plate that was design'd for the Widow's
 Use under it; He deserves it better than
 she did, I'm sure, a jilting Gypsey!——
 But be sure, above all Things, you see the
 Sheets well air'd. If we shou'd hurt him
 the Nation will suffer: He's a publick
 Good, and must be taken great Care of.

Prudence.

I'll take Care, Sir, that every Thing is as
 it shou'd be. [*Exit Prudence curtsying much.*]

Mr. Spectator.

[*Having been talking apart to the Chaplain.*]

I'm afraid, Sir Roger, you are giving
 your Family Trouble upon my Account.
 I beg you'd treat me without Ceremony;
 for, I shall never have the Pleasure of ano-
 ther visit to you, unless I'm thoroughly sa-
 tisfied that my Company is no Ways bur-
 thenfome.

Sir Roger.

Talk not of Trouble, Dear Sir.——
 Wou'd you have me lay my best Friend in
 a Hay-loft? Or bury him alive, like face-
 tious

tious Sir *John Falstaffe*, in foul Linen ?
 No, no, you shall lye warm, and a little
 cleanly, and that's all the Ceremony we'll
 use.

Mr. *Spectator*.

I hope it is, Sir *Roger*.——Well, Sir,
 how does your Friend *Will. Wimble* do ?
 When did you see him ?

Sir *Roger*.

I heard from him Yesterday ; and expect
 him here to Day. We are to have a little
 Dramatic Entertainment at my House to
 Night, you must know, a Friend of
Will's in *London*, is the Author, and has
 sent it down to make us merry these Holi-
 days. *Will* is to do a Part in it himself ;
 and his Sister, and a Farmer's pretty Daugh-
 ter, and some of my own Servants make
 the Set of Actors complete.——But if
 you don't approve of the Diversion, Sir,
 we'll get into a Room by ourselves, and
 talk of our old Acquaintance.

Mr. *Spectator*.

By no Means, Sir *Roger*.——Nobody ap-
 proves of Dramatic Performances better
 than

than I do, provided the Wit is decent, and the Design useful.

Sir Roger.

Mr. *Worthy* likes this Thing mightily.

Mr. *Spectator*.

Then, I'm sure it's good.

Mr. *Worthy*.

You do me a great deal of Honour, Sir.

Sir Roger.

I reckon some of 'em are rehearsing, Mr. *Worthy*, I wish you'd be so kind as to see how they go on, a little——

Mr. *Worthy*.

I will, Sir Roger. [*Exit Mr. Worthy.*]

Sir Roger.

I'd have e'm as perfect, methinks, as possible in their Parts, for, really there's as much owing to the Player, in the Pleasure these Things affords us, as to the Poet. ——What's a *Foppington* without a *Cibber*? Or a Sir *Harry Wildair* without a *Wilkes*? Nothing at all——Mere, indifferent, common Characters, that a Man may sit and sleep at.

Mr.

Mr. Spectator.

Very true, Sir Roger. But pray——what is this Piece call'd that we're to be entertain'd with to Night, Sir?

Sir Roger.

A Touch upon Taste; or the Raree-Shew.

Mr. Spectator.

Something smart upon the Times, I reckon.——I like the Title very well.——You us'd to love a Frolick of this Kind, Sir Roger, in your younger Days: Do you make one of the *Dramatis Personæ* yourself?

Sir Roger.

Psha——I know you'll laugh at the old Fool, you will so.——Why I did Design to do the Part of the Master of the Shew; but upon your coming I sent Word to my Steward to get it; 'tis an easy Part, and he'll do it very well.

Mr. Spectator.

I dare say you'd do it a great deal better,

Sir Roger.

Sir Roger.

Come, don't jeer your old Acquaintance;

D

don't

don't you.—I know you're a Wag when you set upon't.—A very great Wag when you set upon't.—No.—You, and I'll croud in among the rest of the People, and look on. Tho' I may have a Word with 'em too, perhaps, when Occasion offers; for the Thing, you must know, is so contriv'd, that the Audience may put in their Oar, every now and then, without interrupting the Performance.—Ha! — I thought I heard *Will. Wimble's* Whistle. So it was—Here he comes. [*Enter Will. Wimble.*] Neighbour *Billy* your Servant.

[*They shake Hands.*]

Will. Wimble.

Sir *Roger*, your Servant.

Sir Roger.

Don't you know this Gentleman, *Billy*?

Will. Wimble.

Sir, I'm your most obedient Servant.

—You're welcome to *Worcestershire*,

Sir—I hope you enjoy your Health, Sir.

Mr. Spectator.

Very well, Mr. *Wimble*, I thank you.

—I hope you are well,

Will. Wimble.

At your Service, good Sir, I return you
Thanks.

Sir Roger.

You met the Girls, I suppose.——

Will. Wimble.

I did, *Sir Roger*,——They came back
with me, and are gone up to dress.

Sir Roger.

Well, what will you drink, *Billy*? (*calls*)
Ned.

Will. Wimble.

I'll call him, *Sir Roger*.——I've a
louder Voice in my Pocket than yours.

[*Pulls out a Whistle and whistles.*]

Sir Roger. [*To himself.*]

A louder Voice in his Pocket.——Very
good! [*Enter Ned.*]

Will. Wimble.

A Cup of your *Christmas Ale*, pray *Ned*.

Ned.

You shall have it, Sir. [*Exit Ned.*]

Will. Wimble. (*to Sir Roger.*)

I shall be ashamed to act before the Gen-
tleman. —— He's so great a Critick,

one don't know how to speak before him.

Sir Roger.

The best-natur'd Man in the World.

Will. Wimble.

I'm glad on't— [*Goes to Mr. Spectator.*]
Sir, if you please to accept of a little Piece
of my Handywork—You're as welcome
as a Prince. [*Gives him a Tobacco-Stopper.*

Mr. Spectator.

Mr. Wimble, I thank you : It comes in
very good Time. I lost mine out of my
Pocket this very Morning. I'll keep it for
your Sake, Sir. [*Will. bows.*

Will. Wimble (to Sir Roger.)

So he is, *Sir Roger*, prodigious good-
natur'd.—I shall do my Part manfully,
now.

Enter Ned.

Come, *Ned*, give me the Cup.—Sir,
here's my hearty Service to you ; and I wish
you a merry *Christmas*, and a happy new
Year—And as many of 'em, Sir, as you
please to desire—And the same to you,
Sir Roger.

Both.

Both.

Thank you, Mr. *Wimble*.

Will. Wimble.

Will you please to drink, Sir?

[*To Mr. Spect.*

Mr. Spectator.

Not a Drop, Sir, I thank you.

Will. Wimble.

Nor you, Sir *Roger*?

Sir Roger.

Not a Drop, *Billy*.

[*Ned takes the Cup, and exit.*

Sir Roger.

Come, Gentlemen, there's a good Fire in the next Room, and I believe it's a'most Dinner-time too. [*Looks on his Watch.*] Ay. They'll want to lay the Cloth here. —Are the Fiddlers come, I wonder! [*He goes to the Door, and calls.*] Fiddlers— [*Enter a Couple.*]—You may play while we're at Dinner, here, any where within Reach of our Ears.

Fiddlers,

In the Entry, Sir *Roger*, if you please.

Sir

Sir Roger.

Ay, do so.—You'll excuse their Performance, Sir. [*To Mr. Spectator.*] They are none of the first Hands, indeed; but as useful Musicians, I believe, as we have in *England*.—That honest Fellow with one Eye, there, is an excellent Thatcher; and poor hopping *Tom* kills all the Moles in the Parish.

Mr. Spectator.

Useful Musicians indeed, Sir Roger.

Will. Wimble.

I apprehended there would be occasion for some better Musick than ordinary to-day, Sir Roger; and so I order'd the *Worcester* Waits to come.

Sir Roger.

You did very well, *Billy*---So there will. I'm glad you thought on't---We shall want you, as soon as Dinner's over, for the Entertainment.——You'll be sure to be in the Way. [*To the Fiddlers.*

Fiddlers.

We will, Sir Roger. [*Exeunt Fiddlers.*

Enter

[31]

Enter Ned.

Ned.

I thought it wou'dn't be amiss to acquaint you, Sir, that the Neighbours have been some time in the next Room. They were afraid to enter in here, because they understood your Honour had Company.

Sir Roger.

Modest Hearts! We'll go to them then. Gentlemen, you know the Way. [*Exeunt.*]

End of the First Act.

Enter between the Acts a Country Lad and a Country Lass.

Lad.

We shall dine i'the Kitchen, *Peggy*; if you will, we'll steal a Dance while *Sir Roger's* at Dinner.

Peggy. With all my Heart. [*A Dance.*]

A C T



ACT II.

SCENE, *A large Room.*

Master of the Shew (to several People at the Door.)

WALK in, Gentlemen and Ladies,
and see the Sight.

A Woman.

What have you got to be seen?

Master.

A Parcel of the most unaccountable
Creatures you ever set your Eyes on.

A Gentleman.

Of what Kind?

Master.

Of the human Kind, Sir.

Gentleman.

Dead, or alive?

Master.

Alive, and alert as any *Frenchman*.

Gentleman.

Gentleman.

Of what Country?

Master.

Ah, Sir! the more's the Pity——but indeed they are all *English*.——I hope you are so too, Gentlemen and Ladies; for, I must own, I'm not a little scrupulous of exposing 'em to Foreigners.

Sir Roger.

Thou'rt a very honest Fellow——Come, we'll all go in.

*Enter a Croud, and seat themselves
on Benches.*

Master.

You'll please to take notice, Gentlemen and Ladies, that, being entirely in the Power, and at the Disposal of their Follies, my Personages will appear like real Mad Folks.—Regardless of the Company about them, they'll talk to themselves, and sing to themselves, and behave in so ridiculous a Manner, that you can't help fancying you're in *Bedlam*; while, in fact, they are no more Lunaticks than all the Pretty Fellows and Fine Ladies about Town. Their

E

Condition

Condition is not the Want of Sense, but a Misapplication of it.

Sir Roger.

A terrible Condition, indeed ! and of most dreadful Consequences !

Master.

Without doubt, Sir.—Now, Gentlemen and Ladies, the first Figure that presents itself to you is a Person of Family and Fortune, whose sole Delight is in driving Coaches.—He was left with me here, by his Friends, to try Practices upon him, and see if I could possibly fix the Bias the right Way.—This is my Gentleman,

Enter a Person whistling, accoutred like a Coachman.

A Woman.

Is he tame ? May one speak to him ?

Master.

I have him in proper Subjection, Madam.—You may say what you please.

Woman.

(Goes to the Person, and pulls him by the Sleeve.)

Pray, Sir, if it isn't too free, may I crave the Favour of your Name ?

Person.

Person.

Name? Ay—Sir *Thomas Lovelash.*

Woman.

What Estate may you have, pray, Sir *Thomas?*

Sir Thomas.

I'm no Conjuror, indeed, Child.

Woman.

But what Estate have you at present?

Sir Thomas.

Why, if you must know, Mrs. Inquisitive, at present I have but five Thousand a Year.

Woman.

Five Thousand a Year! Why, you look more like a common Stage-Driver, than a Man of Fortune.

Sir Thomas.

I had rather look so, than like a Duke; and what's that to thee, ha?

Woman.

I'm sorry a Gentleman shou'd degrade himself so much, Sir, that's all.

Sir Thomas (flourishing his Whip.)

Je, Jolly. *(And sings a Tune.)*

E 2

2d *Woman.*

2d Woman.

The Brute sings very well, really.

Master.

Exceedingly well.—Ten to one but he sings a Song presently of his own making: He has one that he is mighty fond of, and, in my Opinion, not at all a bad one; for tho' he is as wrong-headed a Creature as you can possibly meet with, the World must allow that he does not, by any means, want Wit.

Sir Thomas (walks about, and sings.)

(1.)

*I envy not the Brave their Scars,
Tho' got in the most glorious Wars.
The Fame of Wits to me's a Joke,
And all the Muses they invoke.*

(2.)

*The Patriot's Zeal I never felt:
At Beauty I could never melt.
Power I value not a Fig,
Altho' it makes one look so big.*

(3.)

*I've been, for Fashion-sake, at School,
But never robb'd it of a Rule.*

In

*In Parli'ment I have a Seat,
But Politicks are all a Cheat.*

(4.)

*The Beau may dress, the Lecher keep;
My good Lord May'r may eat and sleep:
The Man of Law may cheat and thrive;
Enough for me that I can drive.*

[Exit singing.

2d Gentleman.

Frantick Creature! 'Tis right, indeed,
that he should be confin'd.—But is he
really a Member of Parliament?

Master.

He was when he made the Song; but
was thrown out the last Election, on being
heard to say over a Mug of Stout, that he
lov'd the Coach-Box better than the Senate-
House; and wou'dn't lose a Day's Driving,
to save the Liberties of his Country.

Sir Roger.

Pray Heaven we may never have such
Parliament-Men! Or, if we have, that
they may be all of your Household, Specta-
cles of Derision and Abhorrence.

2d Woman.

2d Woman.

Well, what's next to be seen?

Master.

The next Figure, Gentlemen and Ladies, is a Fishermonger's Wife, who (preferring the Example of her Superiors to the doing her Duty) neglected her Family, and was always at *Quadrille*.—Her Husband plac'd her here, to keep her out of Harm's Way, and himself from Destruction.——Her Name is *Littleworth*.——That's she coming in there, mumbling to herself.

Enter Littleworth in a Robe, with a Pack of Cards in her Hand.

Littleworth (regardless of the Company.)

Dear *Spadille*! I'd rather kiss thee than my Husband. (*Kisses a Card.*) And you, my *Basto*! than my little Girl. (*Kisses another.*) Ye gay Amusements, never, never fly me! —A Pack of Cards is all my Soul delights in! (*Kisses the Pack.*)

Sir Roger (to himself.)

Poor Husband and Children!——I pity 'em with all my Heart.

Littleworth

Littleworth (sings.)

*Oh, what Bliss your Housewives feel,
Purring o'er a Spinning-Wheel!*

*Oh, how charming 'tis to sit
Wond'ring at an Infant's Wit!*

[Laughs scornfully.]

*Ever rattling,
Nonsense prattling;
Foolish Fondness calls it Wit.*

*Oh, how happy is the Dame,
Drudging till she's blind and lame!
Oh, how sweetly is she blest,
Care preferring to her Rest!*

*Never squand'ring,
Ever pond'ring,
All to fill a Husband's Chest!*

[Scoffingly.]

*Oh, what Fools compar'd to thee,
Cardamanta, and to me!
Oh transporting, rich Delight,
When six Matts attract the Sight!*

*Sweet Sensation,
Past Relation,
When six Matts attract the Sight!*

[With great Glee, and offers to go.]

1st Woman

1st Woman (to the Master.)

Do, make her sing it again, Sir.

Master (to Littleworth.)

Madam, Madam, the Song again, if you please.

Littleworth (starts.)

Bless my Soul! you startled me——I didn't know any Body was here——Come, who plays at *Quadrille*?

Master.

The Song again, Madam, I beseech you.

Littleworth.

De tout mon Cœur.

Sir Roger (to Mr. Spectator.)

French too!—I'll assure you, a very accomplish'd Gentlewoman!

Littleworth (sings the Song.)

Into t'other Room——Come, the Things are ready——I shall lose a Day. (*Runs out.*)

Sir Roger.

Vile Hussy! 'Tis well for the poor Fish-monger she's in fast Hold.—Is she a Wit too? Did she make this Song herself, Mr.?

Master.

Master.

Yes, really, Sir, she's a Woman of some Genius, as they call it.——But the Song was made by a Haberdasher of small Wares——As odd a Rascal, I believe, as you ever met with.——He was so infatuated with Politicks and Poetry, that to keep him out of the *Gazette*, his Friends sent him to me.——His Name is *Bifoible*.——You'll see him in an Instant.——Ay, here he comes. (*Enter Bifoible, with a Book.*)

Bifoible [to himself.]

They'll never bring Matters to bear, that's certain.——Why am not I at the Head of Affairs? *Machiavel* knew a great deal, and I have studied him thoroughly.——But it don't signify talking, they will have their Way.——Sure poor *England* was never at so great a Loss for Genius's as at present.——I must write Politicks myself, or the Nation will never know her true Interest.——And then for Poetry—ha, ha, ha.——It makes me laugh to think what a Pack of Rhymers we have!——They may talk of their *Popes*, and their *Addisons*,

F

(here

(*here Sir Roger pulls Mr. Spectator by the Sleeve*) and their I don't know who-alls, but I'd lay all the Tape in my Shop, that I'm a better Poet than any of 'em. Can they make a Song like mine? Not they, truly, with all their Crambo Noddles put together. — And, by my Faith, Song-Writing is the very Characteristick of a true, sublime, poetick Fancy.

[*Sings.*]

*Dirty Traffick! fly me, fly me,
Gentle Muses! lend your Aid.
Machi'vel be ever nigh me;
I've too fine a Taste for Trade.*

Fa, la.

Curse me, if I don't think they're four as genteel Lines as e'er were penn'd by *Waller*.

[*Sings 'em again and exit.*]

1st Gentleman.

The very Counterpart, this Fellow, of *Jack Whiffler* the Plumber. — Ridiculous Rogues! I'd give five Pound, now, methinks, *Jack* was but here.

2d Gentleman.

He wou'dn't take the Hint if he was;

so

so blind he is to his own Imperfections; but wou'd swear, I reckon, that the Picture was drawn for the Parson of the Parish.

1st *Gentleman.*

Ay, the Knowledge of one's self, indeed, is a Science the Pride of Man will ne'er attain to.

1st *Woman.*

Well, Master, have you any Thing else to shew us?

Master.

I have.—The next Figures, Gentlemen, and Ladies, that present themselves, are a Couple of thorough bred *frenchified* travell'd Creatures, who think it an Abomination to look like *English* Folks; and had as lief be without an Estate as to be oblig'd to spend it at Home: Their Conversation is very impertinent, and I'm almost mad every now and then with the Racket they make; for they have got a Parcel of Nonsense set to Musick, and are always warbling, and whining it about my House like an Opera.—You must know,

F 2

I am

I am one of those who prefer Sense to Sound, and of Course a great Enemy to your Operas.

Sir Roger.

Well said ! That's true old *English* Taste.

Master.

By the flutter, and the rustling, I fancy *Modish* and *Belinda* are coming.

2d Woman.

The People you were speaking of, ar'n't they, Sir ?

Master.

Yes, Madam. [*Modish and Belinda fly into the Room from different Doors. Both dress a la Françoise.*]

Belinda sings, to the Tune of On the Banks of Pinks, &c.

I.

Belinda. What say you to my Taste, Sir ?

Modish sings. I say 'tis a la mode.

Belinda. I hate to be strait lac'd, Sir.

Modish. Your Notion, Madam's good,
Your Notion, Madam's good.

2. *Belinda.*

2.

Belinda. *This Robe's from the French*
(*Nation.*)

Modish. *'Tis right it shou'd be so.*

Belinda. *I hate the English Fashion,*

Both. { *It ne'er made Belle, or Beau.*

{ *It ne'er made Belle or Beau.*

3.

Belinda. *This Air too I imported.*
(*swims about.*)

Modish. *This Bow I bought in France,*
(*bows.*)

Ma Duchesse thus I courted,
(*Very airy.*)

With Snuff-box and a Dance,
With Snuff-box and a Dance,
(*Taking Snuff, and dancing about.*)

4.

Belinda. *O fort, fort agréable !*

Modish. *To France the Praise is due,*
La Manière si aimable !

She gave to me, and you

Both. — *She gave to me and you !*

5. Belin-

5.

Belinda. *Kneel Britons to your Neighbour,*

Modish. *A grateful Homage pay;*

She's made you cease from Labour,

Both *§ And thus to spend the Day!*

2 And thus to spend the Day!

(frisking about.)

Gentlemen.

Encore, encore.

Modish. (Starts, and looks about.)

Encore ? What ? D'ye take us for Play-
ers ?

Master.

Sing the Song again, 'tis I desire it. (*they sing and exeunt.*)

1st *Woman.*

Who are these People, pray?

Master.

They are of very considerable Rank, and therefore, it is the more abundantly necessary to confine 'em.——Whenever a leading Person is a wrong-headed one, he shou'd, by all Means, be sent to me ; the inferiour Sort wou'd otherwise catch his Vagaries, and be ruin'd.——I tremble when

when I tell you of it, Gentlemen, and Ladies, I tremble when I tell you of it, but our Great Folks have contracted such a scandalous Veneration for *France*, that, in a Year or two more, the very Plough-men will sing you a *Chanson à boire!* and *baïse moi* be the first Words your Children will learn at nurse! Unless, by this new Method of locking up the diseased, the Distemper may be hindred from spreading.

Sir Roger.

'Tis a worthy Institution! And I wish it Success with all my Heart.

Master.

I have another Couple, Gentlemen, and Ladies, not at all behind Hand in Folly, and the Fashion, with those you have already seen. One of 'em is a Barber, and the other a Toy-man's Wife.——The Barber is the best Dancer, perhaps in *England*, but the idlest Rogue in the Universe, and the worst Shaver.——The Woman was brought up at the Boarding-school, and says her Learning sha'n't be thrown away. She wou'd be for ever flirting it at Balls,
and

and Assemblies, to shew to the World what a Proficient she was in Error, and how mightily she excell'd in a Mistake; till, tired with repeated Insults and Elopements, the wretched Husband brought her hither. " Here, says he to me, my Friend, only " undo what the Boarding-School has " done, and I'll make you a Present of a " hundred Guineas : In the Scheme of " Thinking and Practice she's now in, I " can't possibly maintain her; her Edu- " cation will be my Ruin."

An ordinary Woman.

I'm sorry I sent my *Bridget* to *Hackney*——I'm sure she isn't a bit the more dutiful for't.

Master.

What Fortune can you give her?

Woman.

About a hundred Pound, may be.

Master.

Take her home with all Speed.——Let her learn to get her Living, and to be frugal, that when she comes to act in Life, instead of being polite, she may be useful ;
instead

Instead of a fine Dancer, a good Housewife.

Sir Roger.

Right.

Master.

O, here come my Gentry.

*Enter a Man and Woman dancing;
they dance a Minuet, and exeunt.*

1st Gentleman.

They really dance exceedingly well. I think they shou'd do nothing but dance: They might make a handfom Provision for their Families, and in the Way too that they like.

Master.

Ah! Sir,---they are so thoroughly wrong-headed, so thoroughly in Taste, that, if Dancing was their Calling, they'd never dance.---The Barber likes it, he says, as a genteel Accomplishment, but cou'dn't, by any means, away with it for a Profession.---And Madam, truly, on her Husband's proposing to bring her on the Stage, gave him a swinging Box on the Ear,
G with

with a "Ho'now, Reptile, hast forgot my
" Education ?"

2d Gentleman.

Quite Frenzy!—The Woman's Case is
downright Madness.

An ordinary Man.

'Tis a very common Case, I'm sure, call
it what you will.—I have just such a Slut
of a Wife my self; and I'll lodge her here
too.——But what Methods do you take,
Friend, to cure these Objects?

Master.

I keep 'em low,---I give 'em good Coun-
fel,-----and I whip 'em.—— Spare Diet,
and a little Jerking, in these Cases, are of
admirable Use. I have done Miracles with
'em; for within these six Months, out of
but a hundred and fifty Belles, Beaus, Qua-
drillers, Poets, Politicians, and such like,
I have made, at least, half a Dozen reason-
able Creatures.

1st Gentleman.

You have done Miracles, indeed! Go on,
and prosper.——We have seen all, I sup-
pose?

Master.

Master.

All, Sir.

Sir Roger.

There, honest Friend, (*Gives the Master Money.*) there's something for your Trouble.

—And may the Shame of being made a Scoff and Derision—the Dread of Confinement—and the Fear of a Whipping-bout, keep us All within Bounds.—May we evermore act properly and in Character; and be able to furnish out a Scene, by way of Opposition to this, that shall be a Glory to the Nation, and an Honour to the Species. And so your Servant.

Master.

Gentlemen and Ladies, your most obedient,

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

SCENE changes to another Room.

Enter Sir Roger and Mr. Spectator, Mr. Worthy and the two Gentlemen following.

Mr. Spectator (to Mr. Worthy.)

Your Servant, Sir, I was afraid we had lost you.

G 2

Sir

Sir Roger.

No ; Mr. *Worthy* was so kind as to be Prompter : I thank him ; but there was very little Need of any ; they were all as perfect in their Parts, really, as one could wish.——Well, how d'ye like the Thing, Sir ? (To Mr. Spectator.

Mr. Spectator.

Mightily.

Sir Roger.

I thought, the Fear of exposing his Country to the Contempt of Foreigners (at the beginning of the Piece) was very pretty and honest of the Author.

Mr. Spectator.

It was so——very Praise-worthy.

1st Gentleman.

We must take Leave, Sir Roger.

Sir Roger.

Be quiet——We'll talk about that a Week-hence.——Here's *Ned* has somewhat to say to us. (Enter Ned.

Ned.

The Neighbours desire to know, Sir, if they mayn't have the old Dance,

Sir

Sir Roger.

Merry Souls!—Ay, by all Means, Ned.
 —Desire 'em to come in. (*Exit Ned.*
And enter Neighbours, Mr. Wimble, Miss,
and Suky.

Sir Roger (*to the Musick.*)

Play *Old Roger.* (*A Country Dance.*

Sir Roger.

Well, Neighbours, you'll divert yourselves
 the Remainder of the Evening as you like
 best.—My Cupboard, you know, is
 open; my Cellar unlockt; the Fiddlers and
 my Servants entirely at your Beck.—Eat,
 drink, dance, and be as jovial as you will.

Neighbours.

Thank your Honour and Worship.

Miss Wimble (to the Neighbours.)

Come then, we'll go into the Hall, and
 play at Questions and Commands.

Suky.

And I know what I'll command you.

Miss Wimble.

What?

Suky.

I'll command you to kiss that strange
 Gentle-

Gentleman there: (*Pointing at Mr. Spect.*
Miss Wimble.

I'll be even with you then, I promise
you.—For I'll command you not to kiss
any Man, nor to let any Man kiss you.
—Gentlemen, your Servant.

(*Exeunt Miss Wimble, Suky, and
Neighbours.*

(*Manent Sir Roger, Mr. Spectator,
Mr. Wimble, Mr. Worthy, and
Gentlemen.*

Sir Roger.

Now, Gentlemen, if you please, we'll
go drink a sober Bottle, and toast our
Friends—get to Bed in good Time—
and in the Morning take our Guns.—
My Neighbours will be here again to-
morrow, Sir; [*To Mr. Spect.*] and, if we
can find out no better Diversion for you
then, than you have had to-day----I think
we must e'en put up with the same.

Mr. Spectator.

I don't know how we can mend our
selves, indeed, Sir Roger.

Sir

Sir Roger.

Thus it is we spend our *Christmas* in the Country;—cheerfully, not wantonly—in honest Mirth, and Pleasure that brings no Pain.

F I N I S.



[52]

There is no doubt our Country is
the Country; especially, not wanting
in the Mind, and the same things
do.

